

CARDUI A  
SPLENDID TONIC

For Women, Says Hixson Lady,  
Who Took This Medicine On  
Her Doctor's Advice.

Hixson, Tenn.—Mrs. J. B. Gadd, of this place, makes the following statement regarding her experience with Cardui: "I was . . . I suffered with a pain in my left side; could not sleep at night for this pain—always in the left side. My feet and legs were terribly swollen. I was almost in bed. My doctor told me to use Cardui. I took one bottle, which helped me, and after my baby came I was stronger and better, but the pain was still there. I at first let it go, but I began to get weak and in a run-down condition, so I decided to try some more Cardui, which I did. The last Cardui I took made me much better, and, in fact, cured me. It has been a number of years, still I have no return of this trouble. I feel it was Cardui that cured me, and I recommend it as a splendid female tonic."

If you feel weak, tired, worn-out, or suffer from any of the ailments peculiar to women, try Cardui, the woman's tonic. It must be a good medicine for women, for many thousands have voluntarily told, just as Mrs. Gadd did, of the good it has done them. Ask some lady friend who has tried Cardui. She will tell you how it helped her. Then get a bottle from your nearest drug-gist.—Adv.

Got it at Last.

The man in the drug store was perplexed. Try as he would, he could not remember what his wife had told him to get. Presently he brightened up. "Say, name over a few young people's societies."

"Christian Endeavor," began the drug-gist.

"No."

"Young People's Union?"

"No."

"Epworth League?"

"That's it! That's it! Give me five cents' worth of Epworth salts."—Boston Transcript.

OLD PRESCRIPTION  
FOR WEAK KIDNEYS

Have you ever stopped to reason why it is that so many products that are extensively advertised, all at once drop out of sight and are never mentioned again? This applies more particularly to a medicine. A medicinal preparation that has real curative value almost sells itself, as like an endless chain system the remedy is recommended by those who have been benefited, to those who are in need of it. A prominent druggist says, "Take for example Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, a preparation I have sold for many years and never hesitate to recommend, for in almost every case it shows excellent results, as many of my customers testify. No other kidney remedy that I know of has so large a sale."

According to sworn statements and verified testimony of thousands who have used the preparation, the success of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is due to the fact that, so many people claim, it fulfills almost every wish in overcoming kidney, liver and bladder ailments, corrects urinary troubles and neutralizes the uric acid which causes rheumatism.

You may receive a sample bottle of Swamp-Root by Parcel Post. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and enclose ten cents; also mention this paper. Large and medium size bottles for sale at all drug stores.—Adv.

Depressing Fact.

Among the other depressing features of the food situation is the amount of parsley you can still get for a nickel.—Ohio State Journal.

BOSCHEE'S GERMAN SYRUP.

will quiet your cough, soothe the inflammation of a sore throat and lungs, stop irritation in the bronchial tubes, insure a good night's rest, free from coughing and with easy expectation in the morning. Made and sold in America for fifty-two years. A wonderful prescription, assisting Nature in building up your general health and throwing off the disease. Especially useful in lung trouble, asthma, croup, bronchitis, etc. For sale in all civilized countries.—Adv.

Heat Under the Collar.

"Pa, what causes heat and cold?"  
"The janitor, my son."—Boston Transcript.

Important to Mothers  
Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher*

In Use for Over 30 Years.  
Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

The fool and his money are the salvation of the shrewd promoter.

Price Cared in 6 to 14 Days  
Brought about by PAID OVERTIME falls in value. Rubbing, Etc., Satisfying or Refunding Plan. First Application gives relief. Etc.

A true man would as soon be knocked down as pitted.

When Your Eyes Need Care  
Try Marine Eye Remedy

When Your Eyes Need Care  
Try Marine Eye Remedy

PRUDENCE SAYS SO

By ETHEL HUESTON

The Story of a Houseful of Loveable Girls

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CIRCUMSTANCES INDUCE FAIRY TO REVEAL HER LIFE'S  
ROMANCE—THE TWINS FOR A SHORT PERIOD  
ENJOY THEMSELVES HUGELY

Synopsis.—The story opens in the house of Rev. Mr. Starr, where Prudence, his eldest daughter and feminine head of the house, consisting of her father, herself, her sisters, Fairy, the twins—Carol and Lark—and Connie, the youngest, are awaiting the arrival of their aunt Grace. Liveliness of the smaller members of the family results disastrously for their appearance. Carol and Lark investigate Christian Science. Prudence postpones her wedding when Carol catches measles. Then Carol tries to convert the town roughnecks. The twins score a triumph at the church entertainment.

CHAPTER VI.

Making Matches.

Aunt Grace sat in a low rocker with a bit of embroidery in her hands, and Fairy sat at the table, a formidable array of books before her. Aunt Grace was gazing idly at her sewing basket, a soft smile on her lips. And Fairy was staring thoughtfully into the twilight, a soft glow in her eyes. Aunt Grace was thinking of the jolly parsonage family, and how pleasant it was to live with them. And Fairy was thinking—ah, Fairy was twenty, and twenty-year-olds always stare into the twilight, with dreamy far-seeing eyes.

In upon this peaceful scene burst the twins, flushed, tempestuous, in spite of their seventeen years. Their hurry to speak had rendered them incapable of speech, so they stood in the doorway panting breathlessly for a moment, while Fairy and her aunt, withdrawn thus rudely from dreamland, looked at them interrogatively.

"Yes, I think so, too," began Fairy, and the twins endeavored to crush her with their lofty scorn. But it is not easy to express lofty scorn when one's red in the face, perspire and short of breath. So the twins decided of necessity to overlook the offense just his once.

Finally, recovering their vocal powers simultaneously, they cried in unison: "Duckie!"

"Duck! In the yard! Do you mean a live one? Where did it come from?" ejaculated their aunt.

"They mean Professor Duck of their placenty." "It's nothing. The twins always make a fuss over him. They feel grateful to him for showing them through freshman science—that's all."

"That's all," gasped Carol. "Why, Fairy Starr, do you know he's employed by the Society of—a scientific research organization—or something—in New York city, and gets four thousand dollars a year and has prospects—all kinds of prospects!"

"Yes, I know it. You haven't seen him, gentle. He's tall, and has wrinkles round his eyes, and a dictatorial nose, and steel gray eyes. He calls the twins song-birds, and they're so flattered they adore him. He sends them candy for Christmas. You know that Duckie they rave so much about. It's the very man. Is he here?"

"He's in town," said Lark. "Going to stay a week," added Carol. "And he said he wanted to have lots of good times with us, and so—why, of course it was very sudden, and we didn't have time to ask—"

"But parsonage doors are always open—"

"And I don't know how he ever tormented it out of us, but—one of us—" "I can't remember which one!"

"Invited him to come for dinner to-night, and he's coming."

"Goodness," said Aunt Grace. "We are going to have potato soup and roast."

"It'll keep," said Carol. "Of course we're sorry to inconvenience you at this late hour, but Larkie and I will tell Connie what to do, so you won't have much bother. Let's see, now, we must think up a pretty fair meal. Four thousand a year—and prospects!"

Aunt Grace turned questioning eyes toward the older sister.

"All right," said Fairy, smiling. "It's readily settled. Think up your menu, wine, and put Connie to work."

"Is he nice?" Aunt Grace queried.

"Yes, I think he is. He used to go with our college bunch some. I know him pretty well. He brought me home from things a time or two."

Carol leaned forward and looked at her handsome sister with sudden interest. "He asked about you," she said, keen eyes on Fairy's. "He asked particularly about you."

He'll only be here a few days. Will you do that much for us?"

"Why, I would, twins, of course, to oblige you, but you know Gene's in town this week, and I've got to—"

"Oh, you leave Babbie—Gene, I mean—to us," said Carol airily. Fairy being a junior in college, and Eugene Babler a student of pharmacy in Chicago, she felt obliged to restore him to his Christian name, shortened to Gene. But the twins refused to accede to this propriety, except when they particularly wished to placate Fairy.

"You leave Gene to us," repeated Carol. "We'll amuse him. Is he coming tonight?"

"Yes, at seven-thirty."

"Let's call him up and invite him for dinner, too," suggested Lark. "And you'll do us a favor and be nice to Duckie, won't you? We'll keep Babbie, Gene—out of the road. You phone to Gene, Carol, and—"

"I'll do my own phoning, thanks," said Fairy, rising quickly. "Yes, we'll have them both. And just as a favor to you, twins, I will help amuse your professor. You'll be good, and help, won't you?"

The twins glowed at Fairy with a warmth that seemed almost triumphant. She stopped and looked at them doubtfully. When she returned after telephoning, they were gone, and she said to her aunt:

"I'm not superstitious, but when the twins act like that, there's usually a cloud in the parsonage skylight. Prudence says so."

But the twins comported themselves most decorously. All during the week they did their share of the housework, running errands, and they treated Fairy with a gentle consideration which almost drew tears to her eyes, though she still remembered Prudence's cloud in the parsonage skylight!

They certainly interfered with her own plans. They engineered her off on to their beloved professor at every conceivable turn. And Gene, who nearly haunted the house, had a savage gleam in his eyes quite out of accord with his usual chatty good humor. Fairy knew she was being adroitly managed, but she had promised to help the twins with "Duckie." At first she tried artfully and unobtrusively to free herself from the complication in which her sisters had involved her. But the twins were both persistent and clever, and Fairy found herself no match for them when it came right down to business.

She had no idea of their purpose—she only knew that she and Gene were always on opposite sides of the room, the young man grinning savagely at the twins' merry prattle, and she and the professor trying to keep quiet enough to hear every word from the other corner. And if they walked, Gene was dragged off by the firm slender fingers of the friendly twins, and Fairy and the professor walked drearily along in the rear, talking inanely about the weather and wondering what the twins were talking about.

And the week passed. Gene finally fell off in his attendance, and the twins took a much-needed rest. On Friday afternoon they flattered themselves that all was well. Gene was not coming. Fairy was in the hammock waiting for the professor. So the twins hugged each other gleefully and went to the haymow to discuss the strain and struggle of the week. And then—

"Why, the big mutt!" cried Carol, in her annoyance ignoring the Methodist grammatical boundaries. "Here comes that bubbling Babler this minute. And he said he was going to New London for the day. Now we'll have to chase down there and show him off before Duckie comes. The twins, growling and grumbling gathered themselves up and started. But they started too reluctantly, too leisurely. They were not in time.

Fairy sat up in the hammock with a cry of surprise, but not vexation, when Gene's angry countenance appeared before her.

"Look here, Fairy," he began, "what's the joke? Are your fingers itching to get hold of that four thousand a year the twins are eternally bragging about? Are you trying to throw yourself into the old school teacher's pocketbook, or what?"

"Don't be silly, Gene," she said. "Come and sit down and—"

"Sit down, your grandmother!" he snapped, still angrily. "Old Double D. I. will be nagging up in a minute, and the twins'll drag me off to hear about a sick rooster, or something. He is coming, isn't he?"

"I—guess he is," she said confusedly. "Let's cut and run, will you?" he suggested hopefully. "We can be out of sight before— Come on, Fairy, be good to me. I haven't had a glimpse or a touch of you the whole week. What do you reckon I came down here for? Come on. Let's beat it." He looked around with a worried air. "Hurry or the twins'll get us."

Fairy hesitated, and was lost. Gene grabbed her hand, and the next instant, laughing, they were crawling under the fence at the south corner of the parsonage lawn just as the twins appeared at the barn door. They stopped. They gasped. They stared at each other in dismay.

"It was a put-up job," declared Carol.

"Now what'll we do? But Babbie's got more sense than I thought he had. I must confess. Do you suppose he was kidnapping her?"

Carol snorted derisively. "Kidnaping nothing! She was ahead when I saw 'em. What'll we tell the professor?"

Two humbled gentle twins greeted the professor some fifteen minutes later.

"We're so sorry," Carol explained faintly. "Babbie came and he and Fairy—I guess they had an errand somewhere. We think they'll be back very soon. Fairy will be so sorry."

The professor smiled and looked quite bright.

"Are they gone?"

"Yes, but we're sure they'll be back—that is, we're almost sure." Carol, remembering the mode of their departure, felt far less assurance on that point than she could have wished.

"Well, that's too bad," he said, cheerfully. "But my loss is Babler's gain. I suppose we ought in Christian decency to give him the afternoon. Let's



"Come On, Let's Beat It!"

go out to the creek for a stroll ourselves, shall we? That'll leave him a clear field when they return. You think they'll be back soon, do you?"

He looked down the road hopefully, but whether hopeful they would return, or wouldn't, the twins could not have told. At any rate, he seemed quite impatient until they were ready to start, and then, very gayly, the three wended their way out the pretty country road toward the creek and Blackbird lane. They had a good time; the twins always did insist that no one on earth was quite so entertaining as dear old Duckie, but in her heart Carol registered a solemn vow to have it out with Fairy when she got back. She had no opportunity that night. Fairy and Gene telephoned that they would not be home for dinner, and the professor had gone, and the twins were sleeping soundly, when Fairy crept softly up the stairs.

But Carol did not forget her vow. Early the next morning she stalked grimly into Fairy's room, where Fairy was conscientiously bringing order out of the chaos in her bureau drawers, a thing Fairy always did after a perfectly happy day. Carol knew that, and it was with genuine reproach in her voice that she spoke at last, after standing for some two minutes watching Fairy as she deftly twirled long ribbons about her fingers and then laid them in methodical piles in separate corners of the drawers.

"Fairy," she said sadly, "you don't seem very appreciative, some way. Here Larkie and I have tried so hard to give you a genuine opportunity—we've worked and schemed and kept ourselves in the background, and that's the way you serve us! It's disappointing. It's downright disheartening."

Fairy folded a blue veil and laid it on top of a white one. Then she turned. "Yes, what?" She inquired coolly.

"There are so few real chances for a woman in Mount Mark, and we felt that this was once in a lifetime. And you know how hard we worked. And then, when we relaxed our—our vig-

ilance—just for a moment, you spoiled it all by—"

"Yes—talk English, Carrie. What was it you tried to do for me?"

"Well, if you want plain English you can have it," said Carol. "You know what professor is, a swell position like his, and such prospects, and New York city, and four thousand a year with a raise for next year, and we tried to give you a good fair chance to land him squarely, and—"

"To land him—"

"To get him, then! He hasn't any girl. You could have been engaged to him this moment—Prof. David Arnold Duke—if you had wanted to."

"Oh, is that it?"

"Yes, that's it."

Fairy smiled. "Thank you, dear, it was sweet of you, but you're too late. I am engaged."

Carol's lips parted, closed, parted again. "You—you?"

"Exactly so."

"Hope flashed into Carol's eyes. Fairy saw it, and answered swiftly.

"Certainly not. I'm not crazy about your little professor. I am engaged to Eugene Babler." She said it with pride, not unmingled with defiance, knowing as she did that the twins considered Gene too undignified for a parsonage son-in-law. The twins were strong for parsonage dignity!

"You—are?"

"I am."

A long instant Carol . . . ed at her. Then she turned toward the door.

"Where are you going?"

"I'm going to tell papa."

Carol came slowly back and stood by the dresser again. After a short silence she moved away once more.

"Where now?"

"To tell Aunt Grace, then."

"Aunt Grace knows it, too."

"Does Prudence know it?"

"Yes."

Carol swallowed this bitter pill in silence.

"How long?" she inquired at last.

"About a year. Look here, Carol, I'll show you something. Really I'm glad you know about it. We're pretty young, and papa thought we ought to keep it dark a while, to make sure that's why we didn't tell you. Look at this." From her cedar chest—

a Christmas gift from Gene—she drew out a small velvet jeweler's box, and displayed before the admiring eyes of Carol a plain gold ring with a modest diamond.

Carol kissed it. Then she kissed Fairy twice.

"I know you'll be awfully happy. Fairy," she said soberly. "And I'm glad of it. But—I can't honestly believe there's any man good enough for our girls. Babbie's nice, and dear, and all that, and he's so crazy about you and—do you love him?" Her eyes were wide, rather wondering, as she put this question softly.

Fairy put her arm about her sister's shoulders, and her fine steady eyes met Carol's eagerly.

"Yes," she said frankly, "I love him—with all my heart."

"Is that what makes you so—so shiny, and smiley, and starry all the time?"

"I guess it is. It is the most wonderful thing in the world, Carol. You can't imagine it—beforehand. It is magical; it is heavenly."

"Yes, I suppose it is. Prudence says so, too. I can't imagine it. I kind of wish I could. Can't I go and tell Connie and Lark? I want to tell somebody!"

"Yes, tell them. We decided not to let you know just yet, but since—yes, tell them, and bring them up to see it."

Carol kissed her again, and went out, gently closing the door behind her. In the hallway she stopped and stared at the wall for an unseeing moment. Then she clenched and shook a stern white fist at the door.

"I don't care," she muttered, "they're not good enough for Prudence and Fairy! They're not! I just believe I despise men, all of 'em, unless it's daddy and Duck!" She smiled a little and then looked grim once more. "Eugene Babler, and a little queen like Fairy! I think that must be heaven's notion of a joke." She sighed again. "Oh, well, it's something to have something to tell! I'm glad I found it out ahead of Lark!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Irishmen at the Front.

The first American officer to be killed in France was Lieutenant Fitzsimmons of Kansas City, who lost his life when German armen bombed hospitals in the rear of the British line where he was stationed as a medical officer in charge of wounded. The first American noncommissioned officer to lose his life in the overseas expedition was Sergt. Patrick Cassidy of Syracuse, N. Y. The first American private soldier to give up his life for his country in France was Private James Tracy of Philadelphia. The first American soldier to win the French war cross with palms, awarded for conspicuous gallantry, was Private John McClain of Peekskill, N. Y. All these young men, as their names indicate, were Americans of Irish descent which is a fair enough record, says the San Antonio Light, for the descendants of the Emerald Isle. All of them are said to have been native-born Americans, too.

Gentle Hint.

Wearied Young Lady (hastening the departure of tedious youth)—I think we are going to have a beautiful sunrise!

DOCTOR URGED  
AN OPERATION

Instead I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Was Cured.



Baltimore, Md.—"Nearly four years I suffered from organic troubles, nervousness and headaches, and every month would have to stay in bed most of the time. Treatments would relieve me for a time but my doctor was always urging me to have an operation. My sister asked me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound before a consenting to an operation. I took five bottles of it and it has completely cured me and my work is a pleasure. I tell all my friends who have any trouble of the kind what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me."—WILLIAM E. BRITTINGHAM, 609 Calverton Rd., Baltimore, Md.

It is only natural for any woman to dread the thought of an operation. Many women have been restored to health by this famous remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, after an operation has been advised that it will pay any woman who suffers from such ailments to consider trying it before submitting to such a trying ordeal.

Really Wonderful.  
"Isn't it wonderful how these harvesting machines cut the wheat and it into bundles?" "Oh, I don't know. I hear they have a machine now that cuts the wheat, threshes it, grinds it into flour and raises the price, all in one operation."—Life.

Watch Your Skin Improve.  
On rising and retiring gently smear the face with Cuticura Ointment. Wash off Ointment in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water. For free sample address "Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston." At drug-gists and by mail Soap 25, Ointment 25 and 50.—Adv.

The growth of the mind is not dependent upon the filth of the fertilizer.

Something wrong with the man who regards a premonition as a warning.

ALMOST FRANTIC  
Had Kidney Trouble From Childhood and Was Discouraged. Doan's, However, Brought Health and Strength.

Mrs. C. Anderson, 4104 W. 22nd St., Chicago, Ill., says: "I had kidney trouble from childhood and three years ago a severe spell developed. If I stooped, a terrible pain took me in the small of my back, and for several minutes I couldn't straighten. Often at night in pain in my back, was so bad I had to prop myself up with a pillow. It seemed as if my back would break. Watery sacs formed under my eyes and my feet were so swollen I had to wear slippers. Sudden dizzy spells came on and pains in my head drove me almost frantic."

"I felt tired and weak and had hardly enough ambition to move. Nothing seemed to help me and I was discouraged until I commenced taking Doan's Kidney Pills. They cured me completely and my health has been of the best ever since. Doan's surely deserves my endorsement."—Scour to before me.

FRANK H. POCH, Notary Public.  
Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS  
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

DRAIN TILE

IF YOU OWN A LITTLE FIELD FOR THE LAND'S SAKE DRAIN IT WELL TO MAKE IT YIELD.  
LET US SUBMIT PRICES  
COLUMBIA CLAY CO.  
COLUMBIA SOUTH CAROLINA.

Rheumacide

Have you RHEUMATISM Lumbago or Gout?  
Take RHEUMACIDE to remove the cause and drive the poison from the system.  
"RHEUMACIDE OF THE OUTSIDE"  
A. A. B. Distributors  
Jas. Sully & Son, Wholesale Distributors  
Baltimore, Md.

Mitchell's New Faultless  
Bred King Cotton

Double efficient in character, guaranteed satisfactory. Extra early maturity, big 8 1/2 inch bolls. 10 lbs. per acre. Will plant early. Re-improved King, 100 lb. bag \$7.50 c. a. b. here.  
Sugar Leaf Cotton Farm, Youngsville, N.C.

FOR COUGHS AND COLDS

Take a quick and effective remedy—one that acts promptly and relieves you completely. You can get such a remedy by getting for PISO'S.